

The background of the cover is a dark, textured surface, possibly a piece of fur or leather, with a large, irregular hole cut out of it. The hole reveals a lighter, more detailed texture underneath. The overall color palette is dark, with shades of brown, black, and grey, accented by the gold of the text and the white of the falling snow. The snow is depicted as small, white, irregular shapes scattered throughout the scene, creating a sense of a cold, wintry environment. The title 'TOTAL WAR' is in a gold, serif font, followed by a small gold icon of a warrior on a horse. Below this, 'WARHAMMER' is written in a large, bold, gold, stylized font with a red outline. Underneath the main title is a wooden banner with two animal skulls on either side and the word 'NORSCA' in gold, serif font. The banner is held up by two large, curved horns, possibly from a reindeer or similar creature. The entire scene is framed by the dark, textured background of the hole in the fur.

TOTAL WAR™ 

WARHAMMER

NORSCA

THE EPIC SAGA OF WULFRİK THE SARL

- Translated from Old Vanaheim Norse, original author unknown -



THE EPIC SAGA OF WULFRIK THE SARL

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Lo! The glory of Wulfrik of the Sarl,
Through his splendid achievements,
The giant warrior's fame and greatness was known 'mong the Norscan tribes,
How the countless heads of Champions did roll by the powerful swipes of his blade,
Claimed by him as blazonry on his armour forevermore,
A warning to any foolish enough to face him in battle!

The howl of the mighty Hound, God of Warriors, rang throughout the north,
As the Aesling tribe called out the Sarl for battle,
The Sarl marauders would oblige,
For the fortunes of war had favoured them before,
And their King Viglundr, a chosen of the Eagle,
A most wily leader.

Alas, the Sarl were a numerous band,
But still far outnumbered by their age-old rivals,
The Aeslings of the north and their leader King Torgald,
The terrible besworded scourge of many tribes,
A twisted Chaos Lord, wrecker of mead-benches,
Rampaging among foes,
A terror of the tribes that would come far for relentless war.

King Viglundr of the Sarl was a practical warmonger,
Ever-ensconced in his hall,
Knowing that in facing his Aesling counterpart and his superior numbers,
The end of the Sarl may be nigh,
So to the throne room the most awesome warrior of the Sarl was summoned to commune,
His courage proven, his glory secure,
Wulfrik was given a most bountiful offer by his King.

Knowing there were no mightier men-at-arms to walk the Old World,
Viglundr implored Wulfrik to be the mainstay of the Sarl war-machine,
And he spoke with a beseechingness,
"If that terrible Chaos Lord, King Torgald, finds glory in this war,
He will glut himself on the blood of the Sarl in this very hall,
But if you, Wulfrik, be lord and master of the Sarl warriors on the killing fields,
Steadfast companions will surely stand with you to hold the line,
Saving us from certain oblivion."
Wulfrik's recompenses were proffered,
Riches, rank, and privileges of a king,
But the most undeniable prize was the hand of Viglundr's daughter, Princess Hjordis.

Nothing of his chief gladdened Wulfrik's heart,
A pathetic shadow of illustrious predecessors,
But to have the Sarl princess as his own,
The fair and shapely maiden was undeniable,
Wulfrik would have his love and lust sated for facing the Chaos Lord of the Aesling,
For Hjordis was the most precious trophy of all,
A balm in the bed to any battle-scarred Sarl.

The rival tribes then did meet in the death-fields,
Terrific confrontations of guts and gore,
With the Gods gazing down in amusement at the atrocious hurt,
Otherworldly cackling echoing in the ears,
Devout marauders doomed to slaughter,
As the battle-waves bided between the rivals,
Snow drenched crimson with the blood of tribesmen.

Then on that glorious day of the Battle of a Thousand Skulls,
King Torgald took to the death-fields,
Havoc-wreaking amongst the Sarl battle lines,
Making butchered corpses out of many with daemonic glee,
Offerings given to his Dark Masters,
A corpse-maker mongering death with his great blade.

Wulfrik emerged from the crowds,
Scouting the death-fields for the Aesling King,
Hunting for his prey amongst the mobs of vicious melee,
All the while like moving death,
Ripping limb from limb of enemies that got near his stead,
Decapitating, disembowelling, dismembering.

Finally, Wulfrik and Torgald met each other's hateful gaze across the killing fields,
Blood boiling, hearts pounding,
A sure-fire frenzy of inevitable violence,
Their clash became ever more certain,
Rushing towards each other with God-imbued speed,
The fate of each tribe resting upon this duel of Champions.

The marauders' eyes transfixed on the two giant combatants,
Bearing witness to a frightening display of martial skill between the war leaders,
Explosions of noise of clattering weapons and shields,
Against a backdrop of warriors stilled and silenced with awe,
As blinding sparks were thrown about in every direction,
Metal struck metal, over and over with tremendous force.





Torgald would make the first fatal mistake,
One careless move,
His sword-bearing arm skilfully caught by Wulfrik in an armlock,
Forestalling him utterly,
A handgrip harder than anything Torgald had encountered from any man,
Causing him to drop his great blade,
Now trapped and weaponless, every bone in his body quailed and coiled,
For he could not escape the inevitable.

Wulfrik primed his sword,
The blade red-hot from incredible impacts of the duel,
Eyes burning with dark energies as he looked upon his quarry,
Plunged the blade into Torgald's belly,
Twisting it every which way as he stabbed,
Blood gushing from the wound,
Grunts of deathly pain muffled by his blood-filled mouth.

King Torgald was a hardy champion,
His wound not immediately sending him to death,
But Wulfrik had meant this to be,
First claiming the Sword of Torgald for his own,
Then swung the king's own blade in a huge arc,
A resolute blow that bit into Torgald's neck bone, severing it entirely,
The Chaos Lord's expression of fury and helplessness still
frozen on his decapitated head's face as it rolled.

The cheers of Sarl kinsmen rang out,
Chanted praises of their Dark Gods across the battlefield,
And of Wulfrik, who picked up his trophy,
Impaled the fallen Chaos Lord's head upon an armour spike donning his armour,
As the droves of Aeslings turned and fled in the panic of defeat,
Their King Torgald having met his end,
The head of the Aesling snake had been cut off,
The war over.

Elated and victorious, Wulfrik grasped the ancient Sword of Torgald,
Beholding an iron blade of unsurpassed craftsmanship,
Tempered in blood,
Held aloft for the Sarl marauders to see,
He bellowed the war-cry,
"Blood for the Blood God!"